Rilke's Poem

of his mother at
the piano melts

down the page,it's
that gorgeous.

So the swan sings

before he dies
and I fart,

the hearlded dif-
ference 'twixt
life & Art.

>From "Titlepage"

The needy must reveal
themselves. So,
don't need.

More Real Than Mine

My parents' time
with the cars
black and square,

looking like huge
stoves. Did my mother wear
a Flapper's dress? Think
not, but approached

it coyly somehow,
Ny father got her
into the speaks. And they

danced to ragtime,
drank amd smoked.

At parties, gin was made
in bathtubs
and everyone chipped in

to pay someone's rent.
Crooners cracked

their voices
and hearts filled more-

so than my time,
than now.

Nerdsong

God accepts
not, cookies.